

raned threateningly toward the woman, and demanded that she get out of the house. This she started to do in the most quiet manner, when to the astonishment of everybody, Parker grabbed her by the arm and pushed her quickly through the door. No sooner was she outside than he struck her on the back of the neck and knocked her down the stone steps leading to the building, and sent her sprawling to the sidewalk. Before the angry witnesses could get at him Parker got back into the house and declared to allow even an officer to follow him. The doors were closed and guarded by the watchmen and several servants.

Meanwhile a crowd had gathered in front of the Myrtle and for a time it looked as though the doors might be forced and Parker dragged out. To add to the general indignation, a policeman, who was summoned, declined to make an arrest on the ground that he had not seen the assault and that the only evidence of it bore by Mrs. Martin was a pair of lacinated hands and a torn dress.

Mrs. Martin was taken to the Audubon Hotel, next door to the Myrtle, and, after she had recovered sufficiently, she went to the Thirtieth Street Police Station to swear out a warrant. After listening to her story Captain Pickett told her he was sorry he didn't have the authority to lock Parker up, intimating that nothing would give him greater pleasure. He advised her to take action in court immediately, both criminally and civilly. This she will do to-day through her attorneys, Howe & Hummel.

Since Mrs. Martin threw the bottle containing the note which said she was a prisoner in her rooms from a window in the Myrtle on Tuesday evening, events in this most peculiar case have been crowding each other in rapid succession and the stories have been most conflicting.

"At noon today," said Mrs. Martin, "Mr. Parker, a policeman and two other men entered my apartments and compelled me to dress. When I had done so they forcibly put me into the street. I had been given a bill for \$37, but when I went to settle it Mr. Parker wouldn't receive it or have any talk whatever with me. The whole trouble between Mr. Parker and myself resulted from the fact that I glared a certain knowledge regarding his private affairs that he did not care to have go before the public."

"In July, 1894, I got into litigation over the will of my husband's brother. That he left one-third of his estate valued at \$1,500,000 to my son, and an attempt was made to break the will on the ground that it was a forgery. Prior to that time my husband had died, and one year after there were hints that I had poisoned him. His body was exhumed, and I was exonerated. This, however, went against me, and my boy was cheated out of his rights. The other day, Mr. Parker, whom I had told all these things, sent for me to come to his office. When I got there he was visibly agitated, and told me that he had heard a fearful story regarding my past. I asked what it was, and he said he had been told that on the witness stand I had affirmed that Henry Martin, my husband's brother, was the father of my child. I told him this was a lie, but he told me I would have to leave the house. I knew the reason of his action, and I refused to go. Then I was locked in the room, and you know the rest."

Before the assault last evening Mrs. Martin called on Manager George W. Lederer, of the Casino, and asked him to take the management of her forthcoming walking tour. She said she was going to open at her old home, Elmira, N. Y., in about six weeks, presenting a round of the ultimate drama of a big revolution. "Bismarck," last done in this country by Mary Anderson-Navarro. Mr. Lederer was not in a position to accept at present, but offered to do what he could to help her. Mrs. Martin said that it was for stage instruction that she had left San Francisco and come to New York.

The story told by Parker contradicted that of Mrs. Martin in every particular. He said he ordered her to leave his house in order to protect his guests.

"Mr. Martin had no many pasts," said he, "and I told her so. That talk about being locked in the room was all rubbish. She locked herself in and turned out the gas. Then she threw that bottle and not only to gain notoriety and public sympathy. As for my alleged assault on her, I don't think she can do a thing. I threw her out of the house just as I would any old bum." The fact that she wore skirts didn't deter her in the least. She is a disgrace to her sex. As to the dispute over her bill, it occurred this way: When I ordered her out she owed me \$47, but since then the bill has crept up to \$60, and I want every penny of it. I am acting under legal advice, and I am not making any mistakes."

After the exciting incidents of the day Mrs. Martin spent the night with a friend on West Thirty-first street.

Californians were not surprised when Mrs. Martin sprang into metropolitan notoriety. Indeed, when they learned she was here they wondered just how and where she would break loose.

She was the centre of excitement in the most sensational will case the West ever knew, and for months it was a poor dog that did not find her name in the papers. She was the widow of John Martin, and the will was that of Henry Martin, John's brother. The brothers were originally partners, but John left little when he died, while Henry died a millionaire. Incidentally both brothers had paid attention to the woman.

When John died in a country town in Northern California the neighbors talked, and presently the authorities dug up his grave to see if he had been poisoned. They concluded he had not been, but the neighbors still talked. At this time Henry Martin was telling everybody how much he did not like his sister-in-law, whom he accused of forgery, blackmail and a few other things.

Henry had married, and when he died his will was filed by his widow. This will left everything to her. It was stolen from the County Clerk's office, and mysteriously returned a month later. Suddenly Mrs. John Martin tumbled into the courts against and later with, giving a child of Henry Martin's wealth to her son, boy. This, she said, had been discovered in a drawer at her home, where Henry had left it. The language of this will and the character of the evidence suggested that the boy was the child of Henry Martin.

The answer of the other widow was that not only was the child not Henry Martin's, but that Mrs. John B. Martin was not even his mother. Out of monthly checks cause letters signed by Mrs. John, crediting other men with paternity. Blackmail, robbery, murder, forgery—such terms as these ran all through the trial.

Mrs. John B. Martin came to New York just before her alleged son was born. This was on May 5, 1891. She brought affidavits of Charles H. Phelps, keeper of the Hotel San Carlos, of his son, the clerk there of Dr. W. W. Caspersen, of No. 10 West Forty-third street, the officiating physician,



John H. Vanderveer and His Second Wife.

He is a millionaire whose first wife secured a divorce in Brooklyn on April 15. She accused him of infidelity. He was married April 18 in Jersey City to Miss Downing. She had been his former wife's nurse. The news of the marriage reached the city yesterday from Truro, Nova Scotia, where the bride once lived and where a notice of the wedding was printed in a local paper.

of Mrs. Rose Larkin, the nurse, and of Mrs. B. G. Wither, an intimate friend, all swearing that she had given birth to a male child on the date named.

There never was a more picturesque trial. Mrs. John B. wore a new costume every day. Regardless of the Judge's threats and pleadings she interrupted proceedings when they got unpleasant for her. Once she heaved a book at the principal attorney against her. She broke in on the arguments and interjected bits of scandal about the private lives of the lawyers. Attorney after attorney had to drop her case. She insisted on running it herself and varied proceedings by accusing one of her lawyers, among the rest, of having tried to assault her.

A jury declared the will she produced was a forgery and decided against her, but she declares she is not through with it yet. She haunted the newspaper offices, was sued by her lawyers for their fees, paid no judgments and generally disturbed things. She was going to publish a paper against her enemies, had a play written about her troubles, in which she determined to star—an ambition she has not given up yet, by the way. To this day the tidings that she was in his office would stampede the bravest lawyer in all the wild and woolly West.

## MORTON TAIL TO M'KINLEY'S KITE.

Continued from First Page.

body but Superintendent Aldridge laughed heartily.

Governor Morton declined positively this evening to say anything concerning the purpose of Mr. Platt's visit.

## IOWA SHOUTS FOR BOIES.

A Headache Kept Him from the Convention, but His Silver Plank Went Through Safely.

Dubuque, Ia., May 20.—When the Democratic State Convention was called to order this morning in the Grand Opera House, Colonel Wright, the temporary chairman, gazed upon a sea of white silk badges bearing the picture of ex-Governor Boies and the legend, "Free Coinage, 16 to 1, and Horace Boies for President."

There were nearly one thousand delegates present and 10 per cent of these wore the white decoration. The silver men who were opposed to Colonel Wright as chairman had been talked over by the State Central Committee.

It was shown to them that if their protest was regarded the gold men would be justified in bolting. Further, if the Chicago gold men were in power, ex-Governor Boies's name would probably be shut out from the National Convention. Therefore Colonel Wright was permitted to make his opening address without interruption. He said:

"I am opposed any system of laws that would even have a tendency toward decreasing the purchasing power of money and increasing the price of commodities without in the same degree raising the price of wages. I am opposed to any system of finance that will drive the recognized legal standard into vaults or out of the country, and thus create a financial stringency in comparison with which the present would be considered a time of bountiful harvest and overflowing riches."

"I am unconditionally opposed to our Government coining fifty cents into a dollar. I am unalterably opposed to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, or at any other ratio inconsistent with the true, honest, intrinsic value of both metals."

The gold men cheered his utterances wildly while the silver men kept silent. When he had finished the Committee on Resolutions and Credentials were named and a recess was taken. As the opening of the afternoon session there were loud calls for Boies, but the ex-Governor sent word from his hotel that he was too ill with a headache to appear.

He had, however, prepared the money plank, and the Committee on Resolutions incorporated it in the platform. It declares for the money of the Constitution as against a gold standard imported from England.

The majority on the committee prepared

a plank for gold and endorsing President Cleveland's Administration for "wisdom, courage and fidelity to the public interests." The majority report was adopted without trouble.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE'S CLAIM.

Democrats Want a Gold Basis for Currency and Enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine.

Concord, N. H., May 20.—The Democratic State Convention was called to order in historic Phoenix Hall soon after 11 o'clock this morning by Chairman John T. Ames, of the State Committee, and as Judge Harry Bingham, of Littleton, came forward as permanent chairman, the applause was deafening. Judge Bingham's utterances bristled with patriotism. Especially forceful was his defence of the Cuban patriots and his appeal for a vigorous American policy at Washington in their behalf. Samuel B. Page, of Haverhill, presented the resolutions, which were unanimously adopted. They declare that every kind of this country's currency should rest upon a gold basis; that New Hampshire Democrats favor tariff taxation that will meet the Government's expenses; that the Monroe doctrine should be vigorously maintained, and that no prescription because of religious opinions should be countenanced or tolerated.

Judge John P. Bartlett, of Manchester, and W. A. J. Giles, of Concord, withdrew as candidates and permitted the selection by acclamation of the following delegates at-large: Frank Jones, of Portsmouth; Irving W. Drew, of Lancaster; Alvah W. Sullivan, of Franklin; and Charles A. Sinclair, of Portsmouth. Sylvester P. Danforth, of Concord; William A. Plummer, of Laconia; Colonel Frank G. Noyes, of Nashua, and Franklin N. Chase, of Somersworth, were chosen as alternates.

While the sentiment of the convention

strongly favored the Presidential candidacy of William E. Russell, it was not deemed wise to bind the delegates with instructions and no effort to that end was made. A plan of reorganization of the State Committee, reducing the previous large and cumbersome membership to forty-eight, was adopted, and the new committee chosen. Temporary organization was subsequently effected by the choice of J. T. Ames, of Lancaster, as chairman, and General D. M. White, of Peterborough, as secretary.

The Second District Convention met as soon as the State body adjourned. Jeremiah J. Doyle, of Nashua, and Amos N. Blandin, of Batle, were named as delegates by acclamation, and their alternates are respectively, Abiel Richards, of Newmarket, and George E. Bates, of Wilton.

## ALL CHEER FOR M'KINLEY.

Latterbach Could Not Switch the Anti-Platt Twenty-seventh District Republicans.

The Twenty-seventh Assembly District Republican Club headquarters, at No. 767 Sixth avenue, was packed to the doors last night at the formal opening of the new club rooms. Senator Pavey, Assemblyman Lumber, H. C. Robinson and Edward Latterbach were the principal speakers. It was an enthusiastic McKinley crowd. Senator Pavey started the excitement by a reference to "this distinguished apostle of protection from Ohio." The audience at once broke into wild applause, which was renewed whenever the chance was offered by subsequent speakers. The remaining honors were evenly divided between Governor Morton, General Harrison, Thomas B. Reed and Senator Allison. President J. Albert Ingelhart, in describing the purposes for which the club was organized, filled with much emphasis on its independence of all "bosses." The applause which followed from the anti-Platt element in the audience was so loud that the president hastened to explain that he had not referred to any particular "boss," but had merely spoken generally.

## MARRIED THE NURSE OF HIS FORMER WIFE.

John H. Vanderveer, of Brooklyn, United to Miss Downing in Jersey City.

News Reached This City by Way of Nova Scotia, Where the Bride Once Lived.

DIVORCED APRIL 15, WED. APRIL 18

Groom, a Wealthy Dealer in Real Estate, Who Was Charged by His First Mate with Attention to "an Unknown Woman."

John H. Vanderveer, a millionaire real estate owner of Brooklyn, from whom Mrs. Frances E. Vanderveer was divorced on April 15, of this year, has married Miss Minnie Downing, who was his first wife's nurse. The marriage took place in Jersey City three days after Mrs. Vanderveer had received her divorce, but it was only yesterday that the story was told, and it reached here by way of Nova Scotia.

In the Headlight, a little newspaper of Truro, in that province, appeared, on May 2, this notice:

At Jersey City, April 18, 1896, by the Rev. D. Halleran, of St. Luke's Church, John H. Vanderveer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Minnie Downing, formerly of Truro, and sister of Mrs. R. A. Douglas, Logan street. (Halterbach papers please copy.)

There is no St. Luke's Church in Jersey City, but Rev. Daniel Halleran, pastor of the Simpson M. E. Church, said yesterday that he had married the Brooklyn millionaire and Miss Downing in the parsonage, at No. 35 Central avenue, on April 18. The only witnesses of the ceremony were Mrs. Halleran and Percival R. Halleran, a son of the minister.

Mr. Vanderveer was busy directing the construction of a huge signboard on a stretch of the suburban land at Saratoga and East New York avenues, yesterday afternoon, when asked, for a confirmation of the reported marriage. He was greatly annoyed that it had become public.

"Yes, it's true, I've married Miss Downing, but I don't want a word printed about it. There was no bridal trip, no fuss whatever, and I don't want it made public."

Mr. Vanderveer and his bride have established their home in the brownstone residence at No. 362 Hancock street, which his former wife left only a few months ago to seek an absolute divorce from her young, handsome and wealthy husband on statutory grounds.

The new Mrs. Vanderveer came to New York from Nova Scotia and graduated at a school for nurses. The Vanderveers were living at No. 336 Jefferson street, in Brooklyn, about three years ago, when Miss Downing entered their employ to care for Mrs. Vanderveer. They liked her so well that she remained after the birth of Helen Louise, the only child of the Vanderveers. When the Vanderveers moved to the Imperial flats, on Bedford ave., Miss Downing went with them and she accompanied the Vanderveers when they moved into the present residence in Hancock street.

The first Mrs. Vanderveer, a tall, beautiful woman, was Miss Frances E. Dyson, of Worcester, Mass., when she was wedded to young Vanderveer. They first met at a fashionable summer resort on the New England coast. The marriage followed a short courtship and no couple began life with brighter prospects. Mr. Vanderveer was a member of one of the oldest and most prominent families on Long Island, and had inherited great wealth from his father.

For the first two years their married life was happy, but after the birth of Helen Louise, trouble continued until Judge Osborne, in the Supreme Court, in Brooklyn, gave the young wife an absolute divorce and granted her alimony of \$100 a month and \$40 a month for the child's maintenance.

The co-respondent was not named. She was referred to as an "unknown woman." Mrs. Vanderveer's suspicions as to her husband's fidelity were aroused by the gossip of her neighbors, who had noticed his attentions to another woman. When the wife accused him she says that her husband treated her cruelly and began to neglect her.

Frequent quarrels took place, and she swore that his cruelty finally drove her to take her baby and leave her home in Brooklyn and go to the home of her father, Joseph Dyson, who is State Factory Inspector for the Worcester district in Massachusetts.

Mr. Vanderveer made frequent trips away from the city, accompanied by a woman. When one day last February Mr. Vanderveer left for Providence, R. I., with his female companion, Mrs. Vanderveer went to her father, who with Detective Daniel H. Parker saw the Brooklyn millionaire and the woman alight from the train. The detective and Mr. Dyson followed them to the Narragansett Hotel, where they registered as man and wife. The father-in-law and detective waited until midnight, when they rapped on the door of the room occupied by the couple. No reply was made and the door was broken down.

The husband made no defence to the suit of his wife, but Mr. Vanderveer made one move which annoyed Mrs. Vanderveer. When she began her suit he organized the land company now known as the John H. Vanderveer Company. This, it is said, will destroy the dower rights of Mrs. Vanderveer in the estate of her divorced husband if she should survive him. The bulk of his property is in real estate. His father at one time owned a large portion of the Twenty-sixth Ward of Brooklyn. Eastern Park was part of his holdings. The lands have in recent years greatly increased in value.

## AMERICANS AT THE CZAR'S CORONATION.

Continued from First Page.

conducted to the Czarin, who was holding separate court. To her he presented the emblem of the chief Bokharan order, set in a blazing eclelet of great diamonds.

Altogether nearly a dozen foreign princes have arrived in the last twenty-four hours, so that the crimson carpet which covered the platform of the Smolensk Station was scarcely taken up before it was laid down again, to be pressed by the sacred feet of new-coming royalties. The Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis, Sergius, Constantine, Nicholas and Dimitri Constantinovitch, also their sisters, wives, cousins and aunts were kept busy riding to the station embracing their foreign cousins with salutes, kisses and handshakes, as each royal train sped in, till they must have been fagged out and bored.

## Many Notables Present.

Besides the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Crown Prince of Denmark, Duke Albert of Wurttemberg, the Dukes of Hesse and Baden, Prince Fushimi of Japan, the Ameer of Bokhara, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha were the most important arrivals, while the Princes of Saxony, Naples and Montenegro are due to arrive before you get this.

The route traveled by all the nobles was delectably walked by silent human beings ankle deep in mud, patient as monuments, and unimpaired of the pitiless cold slanting rain.

I say silent, because the extraordinary facts the Russian multitudes saw incessant procession without even the lowest murmur of applause. They bestow shouts and cheers upon the Czar and Czarina whenever seen, but have it not in their hearts to applaud any master except their own.

## Troops in Moscow.

Next in importance to the crowds were the bodies of troops and scattered soldiers, of whom there are 200,000 now in Moscow. They make a grand spectacle.

The Czar's visit to the great military camp was postponed yesterday, not on account of dynamite, as was whispered fearfully in a myriad of timid beads of the visitors, but solely because of the arrival of the sad news of the death of the Archduke of Austria.

The military bands here have practised nearly all the national airs in the world to be in readiness for the present week's unparalleled spectacles. They played today the English, Danish, German, Russian, Italian and Heaven alone knows how many national hymns.

Arrangements are now completed for the coronation and are very much the same as those made for the last coronation thirteen years ago, but are more gorgeous and resplendent.

Twelve steps are to be ascended to the dais on which stand the thrones, each having an altitude of about five feet. Great officers of state and members of the imperial family will be grouped off or around the steps of the dais. The Metropolitan's throne is at the base and to the right of the pillar facing the Iconostasis and at a much lower elevation than the imperial dais. On this occasion there will be six Metropolitan's present.

Royal and distinguished persons assisting in the grand ceremonial will be accommodated on either side in sloping tribunes and in two galleries or balconies in the back of the cathedral, besides in the courtrooms. Only about five hundred will be present.

Since the coronation of Ivan the Terrible all the Czars have been crowned in Uspenski Sobor. This is to be regretted, because if the ceremony were held in the Cathedral it would form one of the most gorgeous spectacles possible for the mind to conceive. In the Uspenski Sobor overpowering wealth and glittering magnificence will be cramped in the very narrow limits, with scarcely room for the movements of the actors in the ceremony.

Nearly the whole Cathedral close has been raised a couple of feet by a wooden platform, and this is balustraded crosswise so as to form countering ways between the imperial palace, and the three ancient Cathedrals of the Annunciation, St. Michael the Archangel and the Assumption. In the first the Czars are baptized, in the third they are married and crowned and in the second they are buried. All these consecrating stages are covered with crimson cloth and low balustrades ornately decorated with velvet and gold. Admission is now granted to distinguished visitors and special press correspondents.

The Czar to Fast.

The coronation is always preceded by a fast and temporary seclusion on the part of the Czar, hence the three days' retreat into which His Majesty retired on his arrival Monday at Petrovsky Palace.

The Emperor is by no means a passive participant in the act and ceremony of the coronation, but is the chief actor in the solemn scene. He recites aloud the orthodox confession of faith. Upon his knees he offers intercessory prayers for the Empire of the Russian. He enters the inner sanctuary and takes bread and wine, of which he partakes with the Metropolitan.

## INSANE, HE WEPT AND KISSED THE DEAD.

Charles Biller, of Colonnade Hotel Notoriety, Repeated the Role in Newark.

Claimed as His Sister the Girl Who Took Poison After Reading a Forged Threat of Death.

DID MAZY LEE WRITE THAT LETTER?

Kittie McLaughlin's Lover Declares She Did, and Says the Handwriting Will Prove It—Search for a Man Who Knew.

Kittie McLaughlin, or Kittie Conkling, as she was more often called, was buried yesterday, and everybody in Newark is talking about the case. She was the girl who killed herself at Hill's road house on Monday because she thought her father would shoot her if she went home to see her sister's dead body. That threat of death came to her in a letter, which too late proved not to have been written by her father, Michael McLaughlin, but was a forgery.

Much has happened at Hill's place since Kittie swallowed an ounce of laudanum on Monday. Another sensation was provided Tuesday night. Late in the evening a solemn-faced man walked into the bedroom of the house and called for a glass of ginger ale. He acted strangely and Hill began to question him.

"Leave me!" cried the stranger. "Leave me to my misery. I want to be alone. I wish I was dead! Oh! Kattie, this is awful! God have mercy on me!" Then he fell on his knees in front of a man who sat in the rocking chair, rested his uncovered head on the arm of the chair and wept bitterly. Hill and the others tried to comfort him. Finally he got up and said:

"I must see my sister's body. It will break my heart, but I must see her." They guided him to the room in which the dead girl lay. The man raised the white cloth and stood for an instant gazing. Then he clasped Kittie's face in his trembling hands and kissed it time and again.

"My God!" he moaned. "My darling sister! What shall I do?"

Hill led the man back to the barroom. As they entered a man recognized the stranger as Charles H. Biller.

Biller is the Newark man who some days ago claimed the woman who killed herself at the Colonnade Hotel. In this city, as his wife Hill had heard all about Biller's crazy identification, and seeing the weeping man by the collar threatened to break his neck.

"Yes, yes," he cried. "I am Charles Biller. I mean no harm. Please let me go." Then Hill and the bartender pummeled Biller till he was dazed and bleeding. He fled.

They held Kittie McLaughlin's funeral in the little parlor of the roadhouse where she died, and among the mourners was a young woman in a black gown—Mazie Lee. Before her death Kittie had supplanted Mazie in the affection of Steve Wells.

"I believe Mazie wrote that letter," said Wells before the funeral.

But Mazie denied the charge. When she came into the parlor and gazed at the coffin form of her rival Mazie all but fainted. She staggered over to the white casket, and, bending over it, gazed at the face of the dead girl and cried as though her heart would break.

The truth of Wells's statement that Mazie Lee wrote the letter that caused Kittie McLaughlin to kill herself is under investigation. Wells says he will show letters from Mazie which will prove the authorship of the fatal hoax the instant the handwritings are compared.

If Jacob Smith can be found he may clear up the mystery. The fatal letter was received by Kittie from Lottie Kelly, of No. 21 Campbell street, Newark. Miss Kelly says Smith gave it to her to deliver, saying it came from a friend. That friend is suspected to be Mazie Lee.

So the police are looking for Smith.

## AMERICAN DUCHESS OPENS A BIG FAIR.

Continued from First Page.

League Club, before his marriage, he has changed so much that to-day his was one of the best of the many commonplace speeches made.

After luncheon, the Duchess went back to the ring and watched the horse and then went to a little marble table called "The Temple" to distribute the prizes awarded in the horsehoofing competition. Three or four hundred persons pressed behind the space wired off in front of the lodge.

The secretary placed a title-table in the middle of the open space, facing the crowd, at which the Duchess stood. As the secretary called the name of the winner and handed the Duchess his certificate and gold coin prize, the man would walk up and the secretary would indulge in a violent pantomime behind the Duchess's back in order to make him take off his hat. The crowd would laugh and the Duchess would very gracefully hand over the trophies with a pleasant smile and a few kindly words.

At first she was a little embarrassed when the stupid smirks were slow in coming forward, but she soon got along like a school principal giving out diplomas. When Herman Hodge called for cheers for her the crowd gave three hearty "Hup hurrahs," and she flushed, but did not know exactly what to do. Then the Duke advanced and in a very manly way thanked the crowd on her behalf.

## Advertisement.

## Cured

By Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands of people truthfully say this. No medicine in the world has such record of cures. No other medicine possesses the curative power contained in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its merit and its cures have given it the abiding confidence of the people and have won for it the largest sales in the world.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

## The Letter that Caused Kittie Conkling to Kill Herself.

She thought it was written by her father, Michael McLaughlin, but it proved to be a forgery. Kittie's supplanting rival, Mazie Lee, is suspected of being the author.

